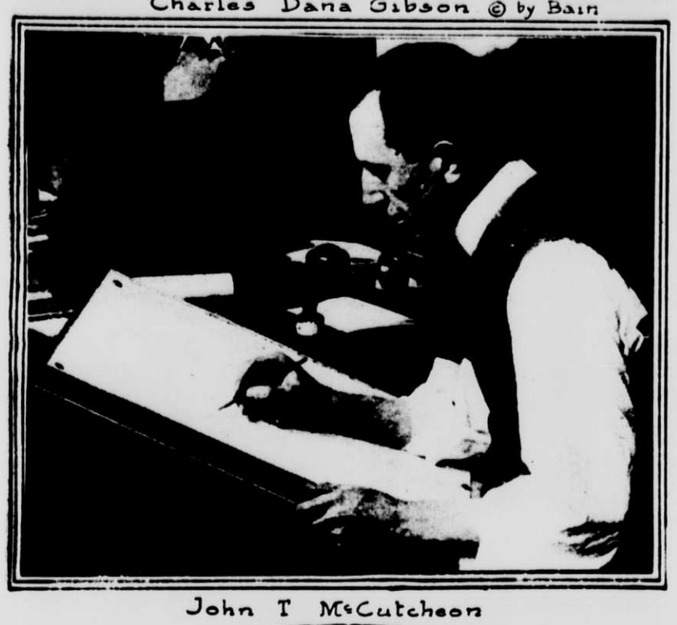
MEN BEHIND THE CARDBOARD WHO PLEASE PUBLIC

Here Are Photographs of the Comic and Political Cartoonists Whose Clever Work Has Gained for Them Thousands of Followers in the United States

Charles Dana Gibson © by Bain



John T McCutcheon

R F Outcault

E W Kemble

Wallace Morgan

A FEW months ago there was printed in this section of THE SUN a page of photographs of New York's comic artists who find it hard work to be funny. After the publication of these a flood of letters reached THE SUN office requesting another page of pictures of artists whose photographs were not published.

Shown in the accompanying group are men whose clever work for different New York newspapers has made their names known in almost every hamlet in the United States. Among them are several who have left the field of newspaper illustrating to enter monthly magazine, book work or to take up the more serious task of painting.

Grouped in this lot are men who teach big moral lessons by their cartoons. Kemble, whose pointed pictures in the EVENING SUN and SUNDAY SUN often tell a story that would have taken a column of words to convey to the reader, and W. A. Rogers of *Harper's Weekly* and the *Herald* are almost as well known in Europe as they are in the United States. About a year ago the latter artist, while alighting from a street car, fell and broke his right arm. Chafing under the inactivity caused by the bone knitting process, Mr. Rogers decided to draw his political cartoons with his left hand. His first attempt was a success, and the cartoon was published the day after it reached the *Herald* office.

Every one remembers the wonderful popularity enjoyed by the Yellow Kid comic of years ago. Richard Outcault, the originator of the Kid and Buster Brown, is the only artist who has to his credit two big successes in comic cartoons. Through the medium of newspaper syndicates these comics reached millions of readers in the United States. It is said among artists that the name Yellow Kid came to Mr. Outcault's funny boy through a mistake in the printing department of the newspaper which published the series. It seems that the man in charge of the printing press was instructed to use an ink of a certain color, but by a mistake used yellow ink while "making ready." When Mr. Outcault saw this he quickly appreciated its value, and thereafter the series was printed under the title "The Yellow Kid." Mr. Outcault was the first artist in the world to make colored comics, and the present day newspaper colored comic supplement is the outgrowth of his early work in that direction.

Charles Dana Gibson is another artist whose work is very well known both here and abroad. His pictures which appeared in THE SUN under the title "The Pictures That Made Gibson Famous," drew renewed interest to his inimitable work and were an acid test of his popularity with the reading public.

The peculiar impressionistic style of Wallace Morgan, "Morg" to his friends and associates, is always a delight to the eye. Mr. Morgan has forsaken newspaper work and now devotes his entire time to magazine and book illustrating.

James T. McCutcheon is an artist who has enjoyed for years a reputation as a funny man. His pictures, which appeared in the Chicago *Tribune*, met with instant success, and he is considered the most popular comic artist in the West.

F. T. Richards is a political cartoonist not unknown to the New York newspaper reading public. His pictures now appearing in the *Ladies' Home Journal* are attracting favorable comment.

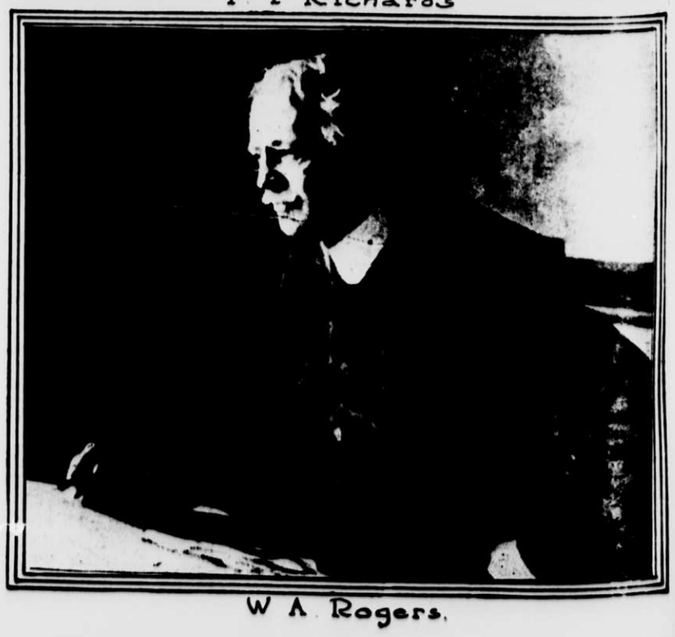
Orson Lowell's social cartoons in *Life*, James Montgomery Flagg's illustrations and conceptions of pretty women, and George McManus's comics have gained for these artists thousands of followers who never fail to buy the publications in which their work is presented.

James Montgomery Flagg.

Orson Lowell © by Bain

George McManus

F T Richards



W A Rogers.

TRIALS OF AN ENGLISH WOMAN AS A SPEAKER

Political Campaigning in the Country Attended by Many Amusing Adventures

Pay Is Good but the Work Hard—Most of Speaking Done Outdoors.

By CONSTANCE WILLIAMS.

IT is the custom at elections in England for women to take a prominent part in the canvass, and the electors feel themselves defrauded if there are not one or two feminine speakers who expound such questions as free trade, tariff reform, education, insurance, or whatever topic may be uppermost at the time. The payment for this work is, on the whole, good, but the work is hard, much election speaking being done out of doors.

Open air speaking is difficult and trying for a woman, especially in the winter. At the election in Manchester when Winston Churchill was defeated the great idea was to hold meetings outside the factories at the men's dinner hour. We were a team of three or four men and myself and had come to the town to preach free trade.

We arrived outside some big cotton mills to find the speakers of all sorts of societies in full blast. It was difficult at first to find a pitch, but our captain was nothing daunted, and, selecting a favorable position on the edge of the footpath, said: "Now, then, Brown, go ahead."

Mr. Brown took of his hat and began in a voice that shook the walls. He went on hard for ten minutes. No one took the least notice of him except three exceedingly dirty children and a lame dog, who stood in a row and gazed solemnly; the rest of us clapped enthusiastically at intervals.

"This won't do," said the captain, and Mr. Brown, stopping in the middle of a sentence, hurried off to a cottage to borrow a chair on which to stand.

"You'd better try," they told me, when the "platform" was firmly planted in the gutter.

Clutching the captain's shoulder to steady myself, I began. Hardly had I mounted the chair when there was a wild rush from the other audiences.

"It's the suffragettes! It's the suffragettes!" they yelled, and we were soon surrounded by a good tempered crowd of men and girls who listened fairly quietly to my remarks.

Audiences in remote country districts are the most long suffering; they will listen silently and for hours to the dullest disquisitions on any subject. It is difficult to find out what they really think, for the squire and the landlord still hold sway, and for a man to be found attending a Liberal meeting and applauding might mean the loss of his work or expulsion from his cottage.

At an election in one of the rural counties where we had been working we reached a small village later than we expected, our motor car having burst a tire en route. It was about nine o'clock, the summer night was creeping on, there were lights in some of the upper windows of the cottages and the whole place seemed asleep.

Drawing the motor up against the wall of the church which seemed to be the centre of the village we prepared for our meeting. Two of the company sat on the wall and smoked, while a third made night hideous by sounding the motor horn in order to announce our presence.

The captain decided that I must begin. No sign of an audience was visible. The stars peeped out one by one, and a slender moon rose above the trees, while bats flew past and round us, and an owl hooted from among the ivy on the church tower. It is a strange sensation to speak out into the night in a sort of monologue. Facts about exports and imports, about the insurance act or education sounded odd when mingled with the scent of flowers from the cottage gardens or the sleepy twitter of an awakened bird.

After a time dark forms crept toward us from various points, upper windows were opened, and at the end of ten minutes the lamps shone on an audience of twenty or thirty. The terror of these villagers at some unknown power was pathetic. A daylight meeting in the interests of the Liberal candidate had never been possible there.

"We daren't come," said one of the men; "we're marked men if we do. Why don't you always come at night?"

And then the audience slunk away, they melted, and I was left addressing my remarks to a gentleman on a tall horse—the squire, who had come round to see what the unwonted noise was about. As we drove away sleepy voices called "good night;" only the owls in the church tower were indignant at being disturbed. As I said before, the rural population is wonderfully patient and long suffering.

Speaking is not of course always connected with the actual work of an election. The vital spark of interest has to be kept alive between times. Last winter I was announced to address a meeting in a remote locality in one of the London suburbs, in a chapel mission room. The cold was bitter, and the snow, which in London had been swept away, lay a foot deep outside the station when I arrived. As I entered the hall I perceived by the light of one gas jet a gentleman with a pocket full of papers looking at a map of Egypt on the wall. We glared at each other for some time.

"Are you the speaker?" he asked, looking at a handbill.

"Yes," I replied.

"Ah!" shivering, "I'm a reporter," and the irony of his tone cut me like a knife.

After a great deal of stamping and puffing outside a gentleman in a top hat and wearing an immense muffler appeared. My hopes of an audience were dashed, however, for when he had at last unwound the muffler he announced himself as the chairman, with many apologies for being late.

No one else came, so I gave the reporter the heads of my speech and tramped back through the whirling snow to the station.

I learned next day from the local paper (on our side in politics) that "owing to adverse meteorological conditions the audience, who listened with keen attention, was not as numerous as might have been desired.

Country work is the most arduous, as it often entails a great deal of walking during the day, with a meeting at the end.

In one village we succeeded in collecting a crowd in the reading room, attracted, I am afraid, by curiosity rather than a desire for enlightenment. Everybody in the place was bitterly opposed to our views, and we found the room packed with noisy opponents.

The captain was greeted with a storm of shouts and hoots and the singing of "We won't go home till morning." He subsided after half an hour's unequal contest. Mr. Brown, who has the strongest voice in the party, roared at the amused crowd, who made more noise than ever. Then he lost his temper when a soft ripe tomato hit him on the side of the jaw. It is not a bit of use losing your temper on such occasions: the only thing to do is to wipe up the mess and go on, or try to. After dodging another tomato he shook his fist at his tormentors and jumped off the platform at the back.

I felt rather forlorn, when, in response to a sign from the captain, I stood up. There was a momentary pause. It was something of a novelty to have a woman address a meeting on any subject but the suffrage. I was even allowed to say a few sentences, then the noise began again, a tomato came perilously near, and an overripe pear went squash against the wall behind me.

I implored them to spare my hat, which some one was kind enough to say was a pretty one. Then I told them feeble anecdotes and stories with little or no bearing on our propaganda, but the public is like a child, it wants to be amused and entertained.

There had been about three minutes comparative silence on the part of the audience and I was beginning to think I might come to the point, when a large potato came hurtling through the air, well aimed from the back of the hall. By some fluke, for I never could field at cricket, I caught it, and in one hand!

This was a signal for wild applause and shouts of "Well caught!" The captain beamed approval; but my triumph was short lived, for just when I was getting to the subject for which the meeting was called some one turned out the gas and there was a stampede for the door.

One of the most trying experiences of a speaker is to be engaged for a fortnight's propaganda work in some remote rural district far from railways, where the villages are ten or more miles from the nearest station. Sometimes the speaker is expected to arrive early in the afternoon and work up a meeting for the evening. I find a good method is to bring a dinner bell and walk down the village street ringing it. This generally has the desired effect of letting the inhabitants know that something is going forward.

On an occasion of this kind we made our meeting known and a crowd of some dimensions collected, but nowhere could the key of the chapel in which we were to meet be found. There was an open window to be sure, but the portly members of the audience declined to enter by that means.

I was obliged finally to make my speech with a flat gravestone as a platform while the audience sat along the wall or lounged in the grass at my feet. The chairman arrived just as the meeting was over with the missing key, which he had inadvertently taken away in his pocket.

Sometimes an afternoon and an evening meeting are arranged for the same day. This means motoring many miles between villages and often much search for the schoolhouse or barn where they are to be held. On one occasion a party of us drove in a wagonette to a village in the heart of the enemy's country. The rival candidate owned all the property and no one dared let us have a room or a hall. A farmer, however, who could afford to be independent, lent us a large barn illuminated by flickering lamps and candles.

I sat enthroned on the only chair while the audience lounged on the hay and straw or stood in a packed and silent crowd at the back. It was a trying meeting. No one applauded, though they listened with the deepest attention. The air was scarcely hostile, and yet it was not friendly. We climbed into the wagonette at the end somewhat chastened and depressed.

"Let us," I said as we drove away in the darkness, "give one rousing cheer for Sir ——" (our candidate) "just to show we are not afraid!"

We stood up and made the hills echo with our shout. When we sat down we found that some enemy had deftly placed an egg on the seat where each of us had been sitting. Some of the party did not see what had been done in time and great was the lamentation. I had mine—a nice fresh one—for breakfast next morning.

The most difficult meetings to address are those held in a drawing room, or worse still, in a garden; there is so much to distract the attention of the audience. In the garden the bright sunshine and flowers are not conducive to a deep absorption in education or the abstruse technicalities of the insurance act.

I always urge my hostess to have refreshments after the speeches. If this is not done audiences have a habit of melting away when the tea and strawberries are finished. At Lady A——'s during last summer I had succeeded in gaining the attention and interest of an audience of nearly three hundred, when a crash of glass and a shriek interrupted the discourse at its most telling point. A lady stepping back to avoid the sun's rays had sat down in the cucumber frame! She was not hurt, but to regain the attention of that audience was impossible.

Meetings of women only are the most depressing and those held in a drawing room are peculiarly so. They are mostly composed of the middle class woman—the working woman prefers a hall or schoolroom and can rarely be persuaded to come into a drawing room. The ghastly depression of these occasions defies description.

Money Changing in Europe.

There is one comfort about travelling in America. You can go for days and days in the United States without getting out of the country or having to change your money into a new currency or hearing a new language or getting used to a new set of postage stamps.

In Europe it is different. You go to bed at night in France with a pocketful of French money. You wake up in Italy, say, the next morning. If you stop off anywhere in that country you have to change your French money into Italian, and you always get the worst of it in the exchange. And the Italian banknotes are so unimpressive that you are always wanting to give them away. An American isn't used to a coin smaller than a cent and when he gets a lot of tiny coppers he is apt to lose all idea of their actual value.

Money changing is one of the big industries of Europe. Around the railway stations the money changers' signs are thicker than those of the ticket scalpers used to be in South Clark street, Chicago. The very first sign you see entering the city of Jerusalem, by the way, is that of a money changer.

Postage stamps are another worry. You are buying postage stamps constantly and sticking them on letters without any certainty that you are getting enough on. One American lady in Cairo, Egypt, told a friend with a sigh of relief that she was sure her letter would get to America because she had put fifteen Sphinxes and Pyramids on the front and five on the back.

Another thing that worries the American traveller on his first tour is the way the names of the towns have been changed since he studied geography. He finds that there are no such places as Florence, Naples, Cologne, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and so on. If he wants a ticket to one of these places he learns that he has to ask for them by unfamiliar names. Florence is "Firence; Naples, "Napoli"; Cologne, "Koln"; Alexandria, "Skanderieh"; Jerusalem, "El Khus," &c.

Then when the tourist reaches Constantinople he finds that his calendar is nine days ahead of that of the Turks, his watch seven hours behind and that he has arrived in a month that he never heard of before.